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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

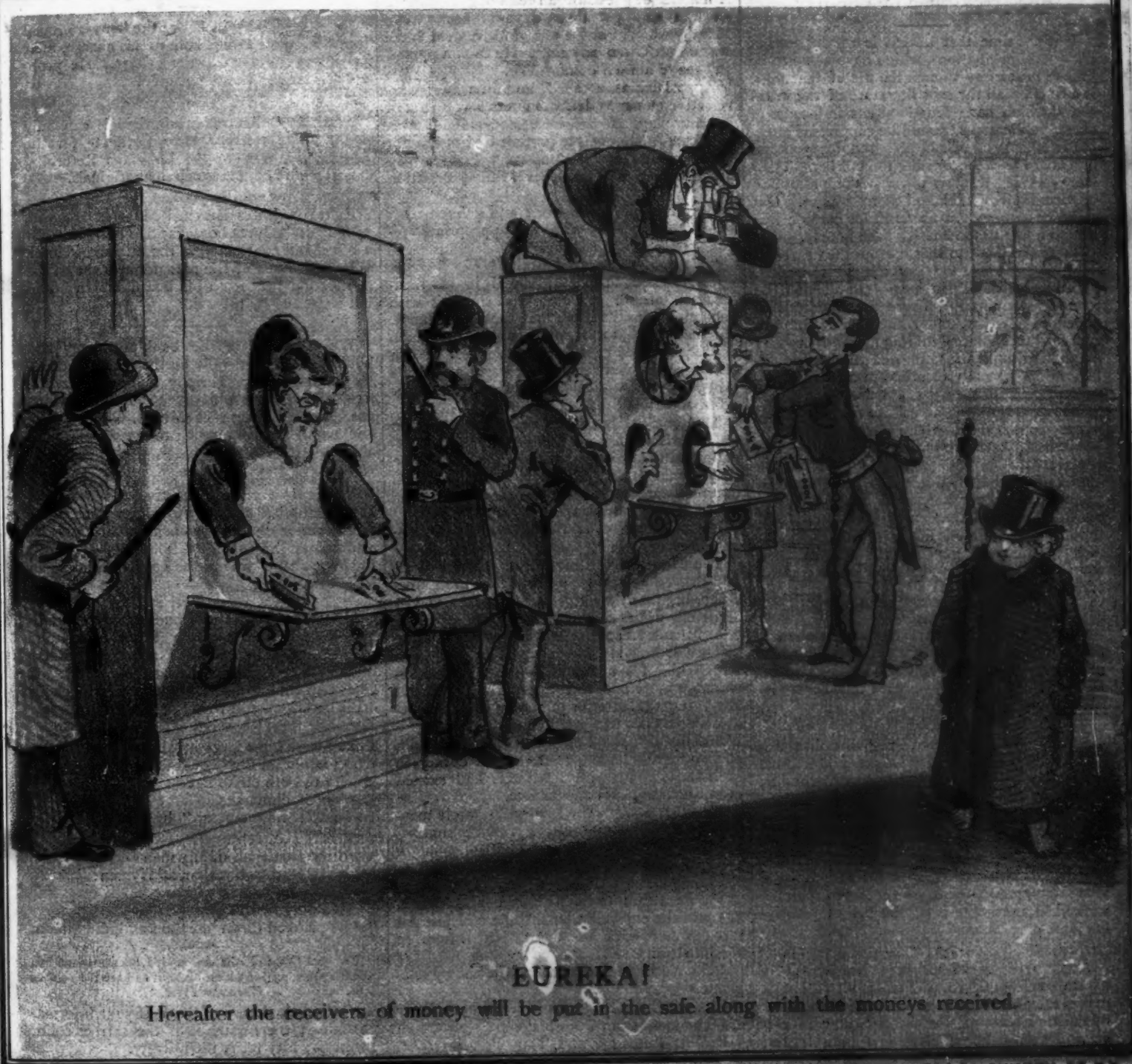
Puck

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FOR 1878.

THE MOST REMARKABLE EVER ISSUED.

JUST OUT!

CONTAINING:

(But why should the contents be thus publicly exposed?)

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THE LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Is it not time that those vile productions of distorted imaginations, which have come to be known as stories—though the use of that word is a libel on all the best literature of the world—and which have found outlets in hordes of cheap publications, should be suppressed?

Periodicals especially prepared for youthful minds are to-day crowding the market. Their sale is serving directly towards the promotion of vice in its varied and worst phases. Our artist has pointed a moral in his cartoon that will go home to the hearts of the people.

To traffic in wares that corrupt the heart and mind is to commit a crime against society. Publishers engaged in such traffic should be treated as criminals. There are hundreds of papers to-day that, under the title of Publication for the Young, gild iniquity and beautify damnation, until the untutored minds of youthful readers become absorbed in a foetid atmosphere, and buoyed by a belief that sin is pleasure. Cases from actual life might be cited where young men, whose imaginations had been fired, have set out to realize, by actual experience, the wild reckless exploits of the heroes of this base fiction. They have been led from one sin to another, until finally their experience reached that end (carefully omitted from the rosy-tinted lies of "popular literature"), the real goal of all such exploits, which our artist has depicted in his truthful cartoon.

THE Boston street-car conductor, when a passenger presents him with a ten-dollar bill, never says gruffly that he has no small change. He smiles blandly, and remarks that he is deficient in minor shekels.

A SPRINGFIELD, Mass., preacher has discoursed on the question "Ought a Methodist to Dance?" We don't know about a Methodist, but we do think a Baptist ought not to be absolutely ignorant of the Boston dip.

THIS is the time when the young minister of personal attractions goes privately to the village store and offers to trade ten pair of worked slippers and a half-bushel of penwipers for a plug hat and a pair of boots.

A MILD, open winter may be excessively agreeable from some points of view; but it makes the average young man long for a tailor of artistic capabilities, who knows how to disguise a thoroughbred ulster as a linen duster.

PUCK'S NEW YEAR'S RECEPTION.

TO vary the monotony of things Puck made no calls on New Year's-day, but received them instead. His friends visited him in profusion, and some in carriages. He is pleased to say that but few wore their hair parted in the middle, and those that did had a subdued and penitent mien.

Everything was done to make things as cheerful as possible, for which purpose the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan was carefully concealed in a refrigerator, and prohibited from making any paragraphs during the day.

Mr. Oliver Cotter called early in the morning—in a strange state of exhilaration for that hour of the day—and hailed us cheerfully with:

"Hay, ole feller, how'n-thunder are you? Tip-us-shyour fin, anyway."

He wouldn't take anything stronger than—. But why betray the secrets that lie buried in the Cotter breast?

A false alarm was created by the announcement that Mr. Murphy had arrived. This was later in the day, when the room was quite full. A number of guests began resolving to pounce on him and get their deposits back. The Murphy who did arrive was of Movement fame, and wasn't Owen any man. He took a potato, and made himself comfortable.

Anna Dickinson called, and in a short conversation managed deftly to interweave an act of her new play. It will be a success if it's ever performed. But as the principal parts call for just so many Anna Dickinsons, the stock may prove limited, and thus prevent the production of the piece.

Geo. Francis Train came and offered us a New Year's peanut with the appropriate epigram:

"Do right and peanut afraid!"

The Veiled Prophet groaned in his refrigerator; but we received Geo. Francis with becoming consideration, and took his peanut. He had much to discourse upon; too much entirely to listen to with convenience. It can all be summoned up in one word, and that's the place where Beecher says we are never going to reach.

Senator Conkling and Gen. Gordon sent up their cards at the same time, and had an altercation on the stairway over the order in which they should enter. Conkling wanted to form the first part of the procession and Gordon wouldn't be the last part.

Puck interfered and led them both in—one on each arm.

The Hon. John Kelly during his short visit said that he had called on the Hon. John Morrissey, but that the latter held four aces, and so Mr. Kelly didn't see him.

Mr. Stanley, the distinguished traveler, came with a full-fledged kangaroo, and offered it to Puck with a few neat and appropriate remarks—a little more neat than appropriate. He did not bring the interior of Africa with him because it was not in a good condition.

Mr. Bland handed his name on a silver bill, and was passed in. There was a corner in greenbacks immediately; but this had existed even previous to his appearance.

Whitelaw Reid walked in with stately magnificence and Bessie Darling. The simultaneous arrival was purely accidental.

Chas. A. Dana didn't come. He refused to visit a man with Fraudulent pantaloons.

Vinnie Ream came with radiant pleasure. She said she enjoyed a bust. She had just got through her work on the revised statues in Washington.

John Welsh sent a card and a kiss by telephone.

Wm. E. Chandler came with an open letter of recommendation from Hayes.

DeWitt Talmadge and Tony Pastor arrived

in a coupé. After some dispute they agreed to leave the coupé down-stairs, but Tony said it would be a good piece of business to come in all together.

But why further distress our readers with names.

Everybody called. Some got fired out.

It was a jolly affair, and served to draw our friends nearer us than ever.

In the morning when the servant swept the room she found one of Mr. Morrissey's cards on the floor. Here it is:



Puckerings.

IN a new play in Paris, the hero is proved innocent of a crime laid to his charge, after passing twelve years in the galleys. He probably needed to be set up again.

SOME South Australian aborigines can only count up to thirty. How fortunate for the country that none of the Louisiana Returning Board were South Australian aborigines.

SENATOR JONES has sued Manager Maguire, of Maguire's Opera-house, at San Francisco, for a board bill contracted at the St. James Hotel. Why have none of the paragraphers shown the connection between a bill board and a board bill suggested by this suit?

WE congratulate the bank-presidents and public officials generally on the recent successful efforts of Mr. Murphy in the embezzling line. Such a man adds tone to a business which the awkward failures of Messrs. Gilman, Case and Lambert were tending to make unfashionable.

THERE is such a deceptive mildness and balmly etheriality about this winter that Corydon occasionally, in a moment of abstraction, assumes an air of lofty liberality, and asks Phyllis to step around the corner and take an ice-cream.

MOURRA THIDNAMOUNDROMOUNDRICOURNO means 15 in the language of the Lake Itope tribe of natives in South Australia. Bartenders there relieve each other every four hours. It takes that time to tell a customer how much his drink costs.

THERE were some large brokers named Netter, Who found that they couldn't do better

Than both off to flee

To Cincinnati,

To fix up their "burstup" by letter.

A WIDOW the shyest of shy men
Sought to lead to the altar of Hymen:

He swore to that widow

No duty he did owe—

But he planked down one thousand, did Simon.

Now that Osman Pasha is wounded, his attendants can examine the stencil-mark on his shirt and see if he comes from Tennessee.—Worcester Press.

Now what's the use of that? If your information about the existence of the shirt is solid. Tennessee may retire definitively.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

XL.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN NEW YORK.



Ya-as, aw there has been something he-ah called a New Year's day, with severval verwy we-markable peculiar-wities about it. Don't mean to say that it's wonderfully stwange the ye-ah should aw begin and end in Amer-wica just as such things are arwanged in Eurwope, but fellows in this curvious countwy baw themselves horwibly by dwiving about on the first of Januarwy, and visiting all the people they have evah known or met since they were born. Doosid extwa-ordinarwy pwactice, by Jove, and I weally don't understand the weason of it.

A fellow at the Club, whose father, I believe, durwing a war or something of that sort, made gweenbacks out of "dwy goods," whatever they are, pwoposed that we thrwee should make ourselves widiculous by making these calls to-gether.

Jack and I were howling idiots enough to dwess just as if we were going to dinnah, and aw we got in the carwiage and dwove to the wesidence of some fellow who has severval daughters, who are supposed to be Amerwican arwistocwats. The girls, yer know, are not at all bad-looking—indeed, are wather pwetty cweatures. We aw were weceived in a large dwawing-woom, and, 'pon my soul, although it was bwoad daylight, yer know, the aw candelabwa and aw gas arwangements were lighted, the blinds down and the curtains dwawn just as if it were a beastly dark night, and yet the aw sun was shining bwightly outside. These cweatures were dwessed in wather gorgeous arway, I mean aw in tolerwably aw even aw gwand style. It was a buw to be obliged to wish these people a aw happy New Yeah, but couldn't verwy well avoid it, yer know.

These ultwa wefined female cweatures were quite gwacious, and said severval verwy jolly things of a complimentarwy charwacter, yer know. Don't know what Jack thought about it; think he calls this sort of thing flatterwy. Still I think it's aw always devilish satisfactorwy for a fellow to find his aw countwy and his aw personal appearwance appweciated, especially in a wepublic.

There were aw baskets of woses and other horticulturwal pwoductions distwibuted about the woom, not half badly arwanged, by Jove. Wonder from what wegion these flowers come. Suppose they are weal; I nevah see them gwowing anywhere; they're pwobably aw constwucted by some patent Amerwican contwivance, but aw 'pon my soul they do look naturwal aw sometimes.

There were wefweshments on a table, and I aw just twied to dwink a glass of b-b-beastly sherwy, and took a fwied oyster. The Amer-wican Club fellow said that the majorwity of wepublican awistocwatic families don't give anything to eat or dwink to their aw visitors on New Ye-ah's day, to pwevent fellows fwom getting dwunk. Wetched lot of people they must be if they can't contwol themselves.

We then went to another wesidence, and saw maw girls and maw dwesses. These aw ladies were not pwecisely disagweeable, but I found it literwally impossible to get up aw any pwoper conversation with them. I dare say, Amer-wicans can do it, but it's a baw to me. All they want a fellow to talk about is the aw New Ye-ah.

At this place they didn't have anything to eat or dwink, but they made up for it in chat-terwing and asking such aw questions, and making such wemarks as "Fine weathah," "Have you made a gweat many calls?" "This is aw a New Ye-ah," to which I could only answer "Aw."

Weally I couldn't enumerwate how many visits we aw paid, only know it was a horwid baw, and as the day pwogwessed my aw bwain was dweadfully bewildered with memorwies of carwiages dwiving wound and wound, and people wunning to and fwo, doors being slammed, et cæterwa.

There were a gweat many places where I dwank dwy sherwy, and some bwandy, couldn't get any sodah. Ya-as, by Jove, yer know, the New Ye-ah seemed to impwove gwadually on acquaintance. Jack said, "I gwew quite aw jolly towards seven or eight o'clock," and talked a gweat deal and aw bowed pwofusely, and ha! ha! ha! even paid compliments. I twust I didn't do anything so awfully caddish as th-at. Perwhaps I may have been taking a twifling interwest in the aw day's arwangements, and the perfume of the flowers may have been too stwong, aw.

THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

I.

I STOOD on the stoop at midnight,
When the gutter was freezing hard,
And a chorus of howls quite deafening
Came from the near back-yard.

II.

I heard the frightful clamor
From the nearest high wood-shed,
Like a chorus of fifty demons,
It pierced into my head.

III.

And far in the sleety distance
Of that cruel winter's night
The music was re-echoed
From roof-trees clothed in white.

IV.

Along the great high fences
Some wavering shadows lay,
And the screams that came from the darkness
Seemed to rise and bear me away.

V.

And at those yells, uplifted
Into the evening air,
A sickly shudder went through me
That made me clutch my hair.

VI.

How often, O how often,
In the nights that had gone by,
Had I listened to that chorus
Until I wished I'd die.

VII.

How often, O how often!
I had wished as I did just now,
That I had a brickbat handy
To stop the infernal row.

VIII.

O for a good breech-loader!
O for a bushel of bats!
To lull them to sleep for ever—
Those ———— cats!

R. W.

CAMBRIDGE CADS.

PUCK'S eagle and argus eyes take in as a matter of course everything that transpires on this mundane sphere, and they will be on hand to do the same thing on the other planets, when they are opened up for colonization. Naturally his vision has gravitated towards the English University of Cambridge (England), the undergraduates of which, in common with other English Universities, yearly make, to say the least of it, consummate asses of themselves by blackguardly horse-play and vulgar vagaries, proving themselves for the nonce what is known in London slang as "Howling Cads." PUCK doesn't care a brass farthing if these youngsters are sons of my Lords temporal or my Lords spiritual, kinsmen of landed gentry country squires, or boys with genealogical trees from Adam—they are in his eyes no better on that account. They all deserve to be birched like the meanest village-school boy for the abominable manner in which they behaved themselves on the occasion of the conferring the degree of Doctor of Laws upon the great Darwin.

These boisterous, low-minded lads had stretched cords across the hall, on which were swung dressed monkeys, and one of these they had named the "Missing Link," and one student, more ill-bred than the rest, disgraced himself by throwing a dressed monkey at the eminent naturalist. This disgusting proceeding must surely have convinced Darwin that the missing link between a man and a brute was a Cambridge Undergraduate, if it did not belong to the brute itself.

PUCK wishes these bumptious young rascals to know that in America there is not that false halo of respect that exists among snobbish Englishmen for a youth simply because his progenitors have been able to send him to Oxford or Cambridge; then how much less must there be when their conduct resembles that of swell mobsmen? Many of old toady University authorities are to blame for this state of things. They could easily prevent it if some of these ancient fossils were not as foolish as their students. Is there so much respect for traditional vulgarity, that it cannot be prevented in this age of comparative public propriety?

If these Cambridge students and other University Cads want to learn to be gentlemen, PUCK has no objection, should they visit America, to give them some elementary lessons; the curriculum will comprise a full course of birch rod, à la mode anglaise.

BRITISH ENLIGHTENMENT.

THE pleasing duty of announcing the decrease of the remaining infernal noodles condemned to eternal torments has not yet devolved upon PUCK. Three aggravated cases are still at large—as witness the following advertisements, clipped from a London paper:

CAUL (Child's), price £4. Apply Mr. Cope, 3, Southampton-street, Nine Elms-lane, S. W.

CAUL (Child's) for Sale; no reasonable offer refused. 50, Elliott's-row, St. George's-road, Southwark.

CAUL (Male Child's) for Sale: price £3. A. Larson, 42, Campbell-road, Bow.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that a child's caul is supposed to be a sort of natural Boynton's Life-Preserving Apparatus. What a glorious subject for the editor of a London comic weekly to make jokes on. It ought to last him at least six months. Let us see. He can say something about "Call us early," "Caul a flower," "The difference between a catcall and a child's caul," and can wind up with something about carrying cauls to Newcastle. Why there's a perfect gold-mine in these advertisements.

A FABLE FOR RULERS.

(From the French.)

A KING of Persia, once upon a day
 Rode with his courtiers to the chase away.
 Thirst o'ertook him in a desert plain,
 Where he sought a cooling fountain vain.
 Last he chanced upon a garden fine,
 Rich in luscious orange, grape and pine:
 "God forbid my thirst I slake!"
 Quoth he, "for the garden's sake.
 For if to pluck one single fruit I dare,
 These my viziers will lay the garden bare."

PUCK'S
HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

CHAPTER XXII.

LINCOLN NOT UP TO THE STANDARD OF THE
 HAUGHTY SOUTHRON. — PROPOSED DISEM-
 BOWELMENT OF LINCOLN. — DESPOTIC USE OF
 THE STANDING ARMY. — SUMTER GRUBSTRUCK.
 — LOFTY HEROISM OF BEAUREGARD.

When Mr. Lincoln—it is Mr. Abraham Lin-
 coln to whom we refer—prepared to come to
 Washington to assume the presidential toga,
 there arose a voice of dissent in the chivalric
 South.

It is difficult, after this lapse of time, to con-
 jecture what was the cause of the Southern dis-
 satisfaction with Mr. Lincoln. Perhaps it was
 the classic beauty of his countenance which
 aroused the jealous ire of South Carolina. Per-
 chance Virginia did not like the cut of his
 trousers. The nature of those garments, as
 represented in the statue in Union Square,
 gives some color to this latter hypothesis.

At any rate there was a well-defined lack of
 unanimity in the national reception of the new
 President. In fact, the enthusiasm of the South
 was not as notable as the conspicuousness of its
 absence. The palmetto chevaliers rose in a
 body and proposed to assassinate Mr. Lincoln,
 and public opinion south of Mason and Dixon's
 line set down the evisceration of that statesman
 as among the possibilities of the immediate
 future. The high-minded upholder of the
 divine doctrine of slavery ground his teeth and
 hissed:

"Let me get the mudsill yere, and I'll gouge
 his guts!"

Mr. Lincoln remained in Washington.

The inaugural address of the new President
 was a mild and inoffensive document, calculated
 to allay any ferocious prejudices aroused by the
 trousers before alluded to.

Mr. Lincoln remarked that he loved the
 South; that he had always loved her; and that
 he was solid on the slavery question. At the
 same time he hinted that if the South looked
 upon the present document in the light of a
 chip, it would be as well for her if she studi-
 ously avoided knocking it off his shoulder.

"I am," said Mr. Lincoln, "an iniquitous
 man when I am exasperated."

But the South received his communication
 with lofty disdain. They wanted gore, did the
 Southrons. They wanted to welter in arterial
 flux.

Incidentally we may remark that they got
 their welter.

Mr. Lincoln took the chair of state with the
 assistance of the Standing Army. This move
 excited derision among the secessionists. The
 Standing Army consisted of ten men and a buck
 nigger who carried the water-pail.

For in those days also there were lofty-
 minded patriots who advocated the reduction
 of the army. They advocated rather less a
 little later; but just at this period they were de-
 manding, through the columns of a two-cent

daily, the cutting down of the military appro-
 priation, and the elimination of the buck
 nigger.

But about this time this particular style of
 patriot took a back-seat. Fort Sumter was the
 immediate cause of his withdrawal from active
 exertion.

Fort Sumter was a small and unassuming
 structure in Charleston Harbor. But it was a
 hungry fortification, in spite of its modesty.
 It was garrisoned by Major Robert Anderson
 and a detachment of the Standing Army, con-
 sisting of one errand-boy. Sumter yearned for
 pork-and-beans. It sent up a touching wail for
 Pie. It moaned for a square meal.

The heart of Mr. Lincoln was touched. He
 determined to revictual Sumter—our own
 American Niceties. He ordered the Secretary
 of the Navy to get a fleet in readiness to sail
 for Charleston Harbor.

But the trail of the reductionists was over
 the navy-yard, and the one mudscow which
 proudly floated from her lofty peak the star-
 spangled banner of the free was not in service-
 able condition. She had a hole in her bottom;
 and the force of employees, which had been
 reduced to one man, was unable to mend the
 aperture with the solitary shingle which could
 be bought with the congressional appropriation.
 Consequently Sumter had to wait for its pa-
 balum.

The South, however, did not wait.

This was the chance so long looked for.
 Here was a chance to welter in gore cheaply
 and safely.

The South rose in its might and laid for Sum-
 ter. Fourteen batteries were brought to bear
 on the venerable cheese-box.

For thirty-four hours the heroic children of
 South Carolina waged the glorious fight. What
 deeds of daring were performed, what feats of
 imperishable fame were inscribed upon the
 scroll of History, we shall not say.

But we should state that the omission is not
 from lack of space.

At the end of the thirty-four hours General
 Anderson and the errand-boy surrendered.

The fact which it is now our duty to chron-
 icle may be received in credulity by our read-
 ers. Yet it is true, strange as it may seem, that
 the North became restive, so to speak, under
 this treatment.

With inexpressible audacity the North kicked.
 It absolutely objected to the action of South
 Carolina.

Indeed, Mr. Lincoln issued a proclamation
 calling for seventy-five thousand men to remon-
 strate with the South on the question.

The South appears to have been impatient.
 Without waiting to listen to the remonstrance,
 it sent a delegation North to make an attack
 on the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, which was in
 charge of a Lieutenant of Marines.

But the Lieutenant, in point of impatience,
 was quite the equal of any Southron. He scut-
 tled the arsenal and departed.

When the Southron arrived, however, he
 found considerable valuable machinery, which
 he chivalrously confiscated.

This immense success so inspired and en-
 couraged the Secessionist party that Virginia,
 Arkansas and North Carolina joined the South-
 ern confederacy.

The junction was not permanent.

The combination referred to has since been
 dissolved.

(To be continued.)

NEW YEAR'S DAY is an ancient and venerable
 social institution. It is of Call-dayic origin.

MARKET REPORT FROM POUGHKEEPSIE—The
 price of chewing-gum is Vassar-lating.

EVARTS'S FUN.

AT the New England Dinner, at Delmonico's,
 the company evidently had a high appreciation
 of the wit and humor of Mr. Evarts. Were
 not his remarks side-splittingly funny? "Ever
 since I have been a member of this society,"
 he said, "which is ever since I have been a
 resident of the city of New York, it has been
 the same day that is celebrated, and they that
 have celebrated it in the same way" (Laughter).
 This is certainly wonderfully amusing, but it
 can't hold a candle to the subtle and playful
 wit of the next sentences. "It must have been
 a great day to bear so much celebration"
 (Laughter). "They must have been a great
 people that could celebrate it, even to their
 own satisfaction" (Laughter). Now, ordinary
 mortals who, like Scotchmen, require a surgical
 operation in order to understand a joke, might
 in their blissful obtuseness say that they couldn't
 see in the above remarks what on earth there
 was to be hilarious about; but then the Society
 are not Scotchmen, nor ordinary mortals, but
 New Englanders.

Answers for the Anxious.

NASSITER.—Non fit.

JIM.—Sign your full name.

HASELTINE.—Give her another.

NED SCUPPER.—The symptoms of partial lucidity
 previously spoken of are, we think, disappearing, and a
 restoration of the normal condition of mania is threat-
 ened.

O. P. CULYER.—Texas offers a fine opening for a
 smart young man as a stock-raiser, and Texas is far, far
 from this giddy metropolis, and our fighting-editor is
 pulling on his boots.

R. W.—You are still in that early stage of develop-
 ment when bulldozing is necessary to bring your MSS. up
 to the proper standard. But do not let that discourage
 you. Bulldozing is good for the youthful mind.

SIMON.—Your muse is young, fresh from the heaven
 of poesy. Why expose her longer to the buffets and
 frowns of this rude world? Smother her, gently but
 firmly, and look out for an opening in the tallow-chandler
 line.

J. L. S.—When the spirit of humorous poetry strikes
 a man in 157-line attacks, the interests of the public de-
 mand that he be withdrawn from circulation. From the
 oblivious abyss of suicide a hand beckons you. Don't
 let it beckon in vain.

FOLINSBEE, Little Rock.—We are not well up in the
 geography of Arkansas, but we sincerely trust that there
 may be somewhere in your neighborhood a boundless
 contiguity of shade, to which, in pity for a stricken
 world, you can retire and read your paragraphs to the
 solitary hamadryad and the contemplative chipmunk.

M. Y.—Your osculatory verses entitled "Buss" have
 an amateur smack. They do not reach that level of
 grand conception and masterly execution which an ad-
 miring world has a right to expect from you. But there
 are multitudinous slips 'twixt the kiss and the lip, you
 know, and though you have struck one of them this time,
 that needn't prevent you from trying again.

E. UDI.—Your letter and your poem (which we may
 incidentally observe is respectfully declined) give us a
 calcium light view of your character. In a previous
 state of existence, Udi, you were unquestionably a mon-
 key, attached by bonds of self-interest and ten feet of
 string to a hand-organ—a gay, sportive and innocent
 monkey. Your evolution has been slow, extremely slow.
 You are now responsible for your actions, but that is as
 far as you have got in your progress towards humanity;
 and as for native dignity and mental equipose, the mon-
 key had the call on you to an extent you can't conceive
 of.

HUNTER'S REFRAIN.



WAY, away,
To the woods away,
We'll waken the morn
With the hunter's horn—
Tirra-la-la-la, Tirra-la-la, la-la.
The game is nigh,
And the scent will lie—
Ho! ho! Tally ho! boys ho!

What pleasure to be
A hunter free,
When he hears the sound
Of his faithful hound,
What joy he feels
As he bark it peals
From his jocund heels.
Ha! ha! Tirra-la-la-la,
Ho! ho! Tally ho!

What glee to be
A hunter free;
What glee! what glee!
As he chases the frog
On the slippery log
And falls over his dog
Into the bog,
With his mouth full of blood,
And his boots full of mud.
Ha! ha! Tirra-la-la-la,
Ho! ho! Tally ho!

What comfort to be
A hunter free;
When the day has gone,
And the sunlight fled,
He takes his gun
And goes to bed,

if he is a sensible man; if he is not he gropes around in the darkness, upsets the clothes-horse, falls over young Nimrod's cradle, who opens in full cry, leaves his hat and coat in a raspberry patch, blows off the end off his forefinger, returns the next evening with a consumptive pheasant, and is arrested for killing game out of season.

GUY H. AVERY.



"THE MAN OF SUCCESS."

BEFORE one can attempt the reviewing of a new production at the Union Square Theatre, there must be granted a certain standard of excellence whereon to base criticism; for everything that is done at that theatre commands so much honest praise for the manner in which it is done, that even the most persistent caviler can find material for his caustic pen only in the possible mistake of choice on the part of the management.

Octave Feuillet's "Montjoye," under the title of "The Man of Success," was brought out last Wednesday night. It is not a satisfactory play. It is poorly constructed, though written by a Frenchman. It introduces characters that are utterly useless in the development of the story, and it does not attempt to develop that story until it has carried us beyond the point where a development ought to begin.

This epitomizes its faults. Accepting all these at their completest and most potent value, there is still left so much to admire that, though disposed to disapprove of the selection

of "Montjoye," we unconsciously approve of its production while witnessing it.

There are a number of flagrant peculiarities—to put it mildly—in the treatment of many of the characters, that make us smile disparagingly at what the brilliant literary Frenchman would have us consider keen delineation of human nature. Yet, though we do smile, we relapse into seriousness before the end of the play.

"Montjoye" teems with impossibilities, but they are glittering impossibilities; and when the mind thirsts for relish, a glittering impossibility outdoes a dull fact by a handful.

On its first production, "The Man of Success" was too long by an hour. It has since been shortened by just that hour. So such of its faults as may have become manifest through its tediousness, must now be "declared off."

There is, however, scarcely any need of entering into a minute discussion of the play itself. Were it less satisfactory than it is, the efforts, individually and collectively, of the really remarkable company engaged in its representation must needs win for it a large share of public endorsement.

To Mr. Coghlan and Miss Jewett again fall the two characters in whom the audience become absorbingly interested. In addition to these two, Mr. Parselle comes to the front as a "man of heart," with all the full equipment of his artistic abilities.

Mr. Coghlan plays *Montjoye*, the "man of iron," whose only goal is worldly success, and who breaks through the barriers of social law to gain that success. Mr. Coghlan has evidently studied the part with great care. He gives a beautifully defined impersonation. His results are obtained by dramatic, but not theatric means. That is to say, he is what we call natural, which in reality means that his dramatic art is crystallized into perfect form. The character of *Montjoye*, in its ultimate development, is not natural; but Mr. Coghlan plays it so as to make it seem as little inconsistent as possible.

Mr. Parselle plays *Saladin*, "the man of heart." This performance is another illustration, in an exactly opposite character, of the art of disguising art. The part of *Saladin* unfolded itself to the audience as a flower unfolds itself to the air it sweetens. There was no visible plunge from one phase into another. It was a gradual merging into a beautiful completeness.

In Miss Sara Jewett the Union Square Theatre possesses a member whose merits cannot be summed up in a paragraph. It is true that she is gifted with personal charms that go far towards winning her the affectionate admiration of an audience—but she adds to these an intelligence, quickened by true dramatic instincts, which almost outvalue even her physical endowments. Miss Jewett played *Cecile*, *Montjoye's* daughter. The part is, to a certain extent, of the same genre as *Elise* in "The Mother's Secret," her previous rôle. But *Cecile* calls, in addition to the girlishness of *Elise*, for an exhibition of womanly feeling. To portray successfully her varied emotions requires indisputable dramatic skill—and not even the most critically disposed will fail to accord the possession of this skill to the lady who so successfully performed the part. If Miss Jewett have a fault, it is that of being too positive in her methods. There are some rôles which are so absolutely negative that all attempts at individualization must appear over-elaborate. With all due regard for the French author and his translator, I must say that some of *Cecile's* childish moods are so colorless, and the language she is made to employ at times so unbecoming the supposed ingenuousness of the rôle, that the actress who attempts to give consistent color and form all of her scenes has indeed a hopeless task. If Miss Jewett were occa-

sionally—in parts like these, where the material is not worth the delicate and intellectual treatment she bestows—to allow them to play themselves at their own negative value, she would be perfect.

With that peculiar winsome grace, that rare intelligence and artistic *finesse* essentially her own, it is no exaggeration to say that Miss Jewett is destined to prove eventually the most valuable actress, in her line, that the American stage can claim.

I have spoken rather lengthily of the part, because I think it is entitled to it. I do not wish, however, in praising particularly the three rôles of *Montjoye*, *Saladin*, and *Cecile*, to overlook the unmistakable excellences of every remaining part in the play. Though of comparatively less value in the dramatic story, the rôles assigned to Agnes Booth, Mr. O'Neill, Mr. Polk, and Mr. Stoddart, are so rendered as to prove the remarkable capabilities of the Union Square company.

If "Montjoye" were a better play, what a glorious triumph the management would be privileged to score!

Appreciatively yours,

SILAS DRIFT.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

WE wish to remark, merely in an orphand way, that pretty Miss Nina Varian has been playing *Louise*, the blind girl, in Newark.

"UNE CAUSE CELEBRE," D'Ennery's newest and greatest Parisian success, has been secured by French, the publisher.

DAMPIER is to appear at the Broadway Theatre. He will open in "The Courier of Lyons." Australia endorses Dampier, and Australia is waiting to be endorsed.

"JEZEBEL" is to be revived at the Fifth Avenue, with Miss Katherine Rogers in the leading part. This is a rumor that is going around, but it is a rumor which we do not wish to credit.

GILBERT's new play, "The Ne'er-do-Well," written for Mr. Sothern, and transferred by the latter to Mr. Wallack, is in preparation at Wallack's Theatre. It is said to be a charming piece of dramatic work. At least so Sothern says; and no one would think of doubting his word.

THE Fifth Avenue Theatre, which, under Mr. Stephen Fiske's management, has introduced to us the untutored phenomenality of the *Prairie-Flower*, is now restoring the artistic balance by presenting us with a thoroughly-schooled, refined and finished actress in Mme. Modjeska, whose artistic skill as *Adrienne Lecouvreur* shows to excellent advantage in a well-selected company of competent professionals. To use diction befittingly refined and finished, a star must be "no slouch" to dominate, as does Mme. Modjeska, the efforts of such artists as Couldock, Lemoyne and Whiffin, and Mmes. Tracy and Edmondson.

At the Park Theatre Mr. Sothern is now performing *David Garrick*. He is received with the same satisfaction as ever, and will bring his engagement, this season, to a pleasant and profitable close. He is ably supported by a good company. Both in "David Garrick" and "A Regular Fix," Mr. Holland's make-up and manner contribute to the evening's enjoyment. Mr. Basset and Miss Agnes Proctor also deserve commendation for their respective performances. Mr. Sothern's season has been one of much merriment, and New Yorkers who have enjoyed many a hearty laugh have that much to be grateful for.

MELCHISEDEC FLINT, THE FEARLESS.



1. It is evening. Melchisedec, an Excise detective, is homeward bound.



2. As he nears his home in Harlem, he comes to a sudden halt.



3. "Ah, something is moving yonder."



4. "Steady, Flint, steady; it's nobody."



5. "And even if it were somebody, what of it?"



6. "Heavens!—a midnight assassin! He is making for me!"



7. "Sir, listen to reason. I am a dangerous man. I have now concealed about me a seven-shooter, a poisoned dagger, and—a bottle of cider—"



8. "No answer! Ah, I have frightened him. On, Melchisedec! On! It is too late to flee!"



9. He waits till morning. His wild heroism is finally rewarded by the discovery of a copy of PUCK.
(Moral—None but the brave deserve a number of this paper gratis.)



A SARTORIAL SONG.

My Love's a lordly tailor,
A lordly tailor fair to see;
He takes the goat upon the hills
His cousin for to be.

I love my love the tailor,
And well and true he loveth me.
He weareth breeches black and white,
Checkered right merrily.

SOLOMON II.

IT was somewhere about the year 1277 when King of Stay-at-home felt very blue. He always felt blue when there was no war. And as it happened there was no war just around that particular anno domini—Lord knows why.

So he mounted his horse one day and rode out for a walk in his forest. The streets in the forest weren't numbered. There were no streets—Lord knows why. The King was unaccompanied.

He had been riding about thirty-four minutes when suddenly he heard a groan. His horse pricked his ears and halted. He seemed to be trying to get through his master's head whence the groans came. But the groans continued. Then the King pricked his ears and listened.

"Who is groaning?" he asked of his charger; but the latter—Lord knows why—wouldn't answer him, but only shook his head and seemed to say: "Tain't me."

At last the instinct of the animal conquered. The charger neighed in a peculiar voice, which said plainly: "I am hungry."

And he was right. The groans came from the deepest depths of his Highness's stomach.

"But where shall I get food?" the King asked of himself. He turned and rode rapidly towards home. That is, he thought he did; and his

horse thought so, too. But the Fates willed it otherwise. He lost his way in the woods.

He got deeper and deeper into the woods. How long this sort of thing kept on the narrator doesn't know; but this much is certain, on the day after the following day, his Majesty was lying on the ground alongside of his faithful horse, in one of the most primeval spots of the forest. A great struggle was raging in the King's breast. "Shall I eat the horse, or shall the horse eat me?" This question did not remain unanswered long. The good, devoted animal was to be sacrificed.

In this hour of need two pedlars—Lord knows why—came along that way.

He beheld them immediately, which is where he differed from them. They walked right on.

With all the force that yet remained in his royal lungs he called out.

They advanced.

"For mercy's sake, have you nothing to eat?" the King cried out incognito. He didn't want to be recognized, for fear that if they found out who he was, they would lead him starve—Lord knows, why.

"Have you nothing to eat?" he cried again.

"Nothing—yes, of course, we have nothing," answered the first pedlar.

"And bread into the bargain," added the second.

"I have lost my way in these woods. Have pity on me."

"If you are satisfied with bread, we will divide with you."

"Divide!" the King gasped; "why, how much have you to divide?"

"I have two loaves, cried one."

"I have three," said the other.

"Can't I have all your loaves?" asked the King.

"Where do we come in?" they responded with becoming alacrity.

And so they divided fairly and squarely—Lord knows why.

After the meal the King asked to be shown the way out of the woods, and after having thrown five gold pieces to the pedlars with the words "Divide them among ye!" rode away.

"Fine day's work!" exclaimed one pedlar, after the king had departed.

"Splendid!" exclaimed the other. "Here are two pieces of gold for you!"

"Get out! Two isn't a fair half. You were told to divide them."

"Why, man alive, didn't you only have two loaves of bread, and didn't I have three?—Here, take your two gold-pieces."

"Darned if I do!" said the other.

And they went to court.

And this is the conversation the Judge had with them.

JUDGE: How much did he want to give you?

1ST PED.: Two gold-pieces.

JUDGE: How many loaves of bread did you have?

1ST PED.: I had two and he had three.

JUDGE: And you are not satisfied with two gold-pieces?

1ST PED.: No; indeed.

JUDGE: Well, then, if you are not satisfied with two, you shall have only one!

And the court was adjourned.

The pedlar, indignant at what he deemed an unfair decision, resolved to go to the King.

His Majesty had just finished dinner, and was in excellent humor.

He listened to the pedlar's story, and then he flew into a rage.

"Let that infernal Judge be summoned hither!" he said, and in a moment more the judicial authority stood before him.

"You cross-eyed minion of the law," the King thundered. "What did you mean by such a verdict as that? Hay?"

"If it please your Majesty," the Judge responded quietly, "I thought the verdict a just one, and that's why I rendered it."

"Explain yourself; I am eager to hear!" said the King, picking his teeth.

And the Judge said:

"The first pedlar—whom we will call Jacob—had two loaves. Well and good. The other man, whom we will call Isaac, had three loaves. Your Majesty, if you will pardon the remark, had no loaves, and nothing in the world but an appetite. Now these five loaves were divided into fifteen thirds—good. Jacob had two loaves, that's six-thirds; he ate five himself, and gave one to the King. Isaac had three loaves, that's nine-thirds; he ate five-thirds himself, and gave one to the King. So Isaac gets four gold-pieces and Jacob one. Can anything be clearer than that?"

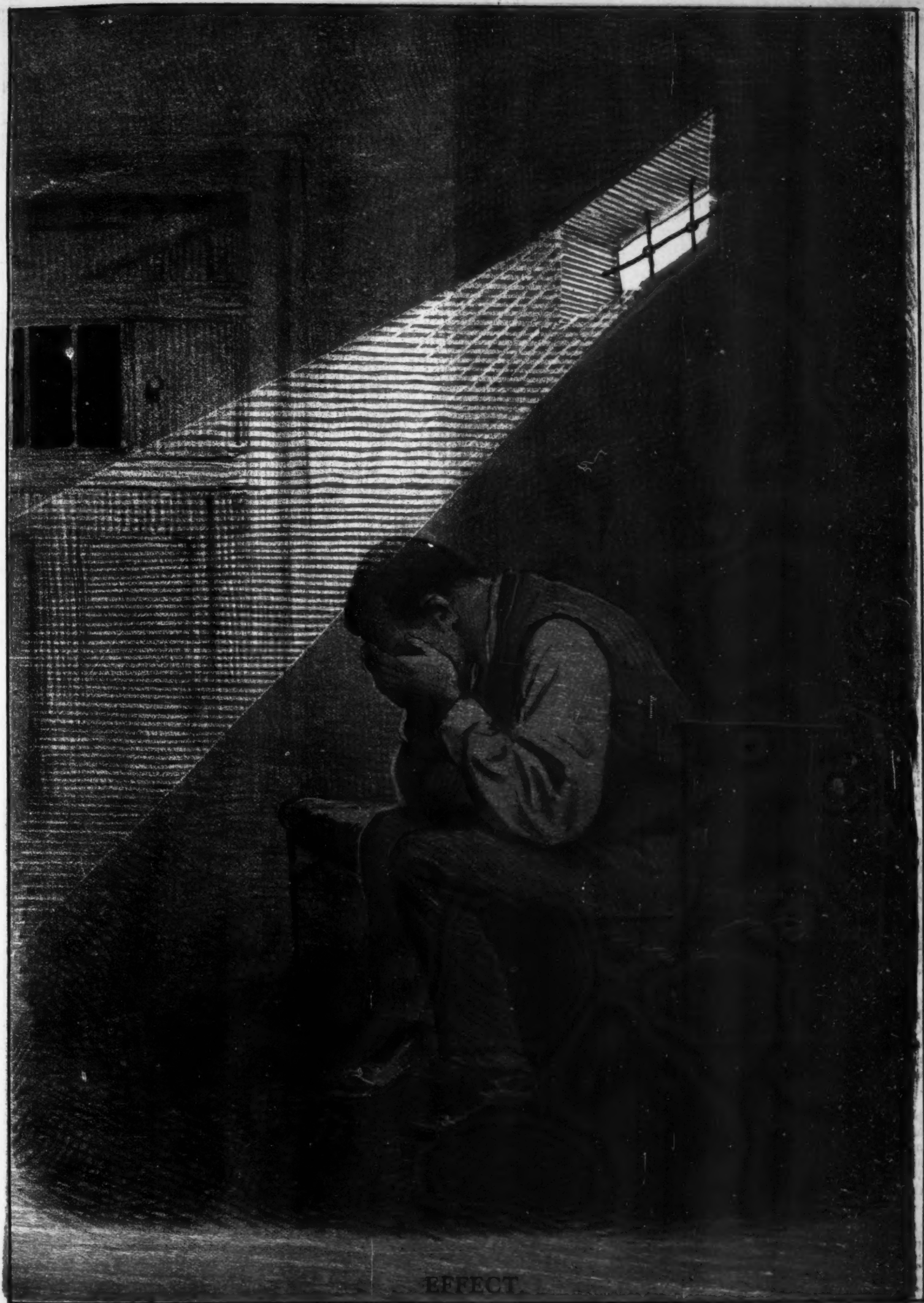
And the King's eye sparkled with contentment; he treated the Judge to a bottle of wine. Here the story ends—Lord knows why.

"VANITY FAIR" is advertised as a smoking-tobacco that "does not bite the tongue." The tongue ought certainly to be grateful for this forbearance on the part of Vanity Fair, and a tobacco of this mild and innocuous disposition should be encouraged in all legitimate ways.



THE LITERATURE OF THE

UCK.



EFFECT

THE DAY AND ITS LESSON.

CITY DEBT LIQUIDATION.

FOLLOWING the worthy example of Mr. Edward Kimball, of Chicago, the church debt-raiser, a protracted session was held at the City Hall for the purpose of obtaining subscriptions to pay off the enormous load of debt with which the city is encumbered. The room was quite crowded with patriotic citizens, among whom we noticed Hon. John Kelly, Mr. Andrew H. Green, Mr. Owen Murphy, Mr. Peter B. Sweeny, Mr. Connolly, ex-Secretary Belknap, ex-Secretary Robeson, ex-Bank President Broadwell, ex-Mayor Hall, Mr. Jay Gould, Schuyler Colfax, ex-Judge Hilton, Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt, General Babcock, Commissioner Ehardt, Mr. Robert Ingersoll, Mr. Garfield, Hon. S. J. Tilden, Rev. H. W. Beecher, Mr. Gilman, Mr. Case, Senator Sharon, Senator Jones, Count Joannes, George Francis Train, and other prominent individuals.

Prayers having been offered by Mr. Ingersoll, the Ex-HON. WILLIAM M. TWEED mounted the rostrum and said that the debt of the city of New York amounted to some 130 millions of dollars. It seemed a large sum, but he felt convinced that enough money could be raised among the present assemblage to pay it off. No one liked to owe money—he knew that he did not; then why should the Empire City be in any worse position than a private individual? He would give six millions of dollars towards liquidating the debt, provided two other gentlemen would contribute a like amount.

After a few minutes conversation with other capitalists, Mr. Jay Gould said Mr. Tweed might put his name down for six millions, and a similar sum was subscribed by ex-Secretary Robeson.

Ex-Hon. Wm. M. Tweed then remarked that eighteen millions of dollars made a very good beginning—but they must know it was after all but a drop in the bucket compared to the city debt. Let the gentlemen present bestir themselves. Who would be the first man to put his name down for a million of dollars?

GENERAL BABCOCK had the good of his country at heart, and as New York was the largest and most beautiful city in it, although the whiskey was nothing to boast of, he had no objection to give a million of dollars towards reducing its debt.

MR. Wm. H. VANDERBILT said that his enemies had accused him of meanness because he wouldn't encourage that lazy brother of his, Cornelius, in idleness—but, in order to prove his liberality, he would give fifty millions of dollars to the city debt liquidation fund.

THE COUNT JOANNES's balance at his banker's was rather low, but he had no objection to play Hamlet, the proceeds of the performance to be devoted to the laudable purpose for which they were assembled.

HON. JOHN KELLY could not resist the eloquent appeal of the ex-Hon. Wm. M. Tweed. He (Kelly) had long been of opinion that the City Government was carried on a much too expensive basis. Next week he intended to reduce his own salary, and discharge a hundred employees. The amount saved he would pay into the City Treasury.

MR. PETER B. SWEENEY, although he had been bled rather freely, still liked New York and as he didn't relish it being in debt he had no objection to donate half a million dollars to assist in wiping off the liability. The ex-Hon. Wm. M. Tweed expressed his satisfaction at the manner in which the object of the meeting was being carried out.

MR. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN found that money was exceedingly difficult to collect. He did not feel disposed to give a million dollars or one dollar for that matter, but he was willing to fast for a couple of months in Gilmore's Garden and exhibit himself to a curious

public at a dollar a head. Mr. Train was vociferously applauded as he subsided.

EX-MAYOR HALL had not yet delivered his lecture: "What shall the verdict be?" in New York, but he was prepared to do so at a moment's notice, or even to revive "Crucible" for the benefit of the city. Two dollars for a reserved seat he did not think would be an exorbitant charge. He was not naturally of a liberal disposition, but after the convincing eloquence of his dear friend Tweed, he found it utterly impossible to refuse to lend a helping hand, more particularly as a lady friend of his with a wart under her left ear—two inches below it—had persuaded him to such a course. He felt equal to making several puns, but thought on this solemn occasion he'd better not.

Here it was suggested that more subscriptions and a little less talk would be desirable, whereupon HON. WM. M. EVARTS observed that he had intended to make a speech of an hour or two's duration, and to devote his salary as Secretary of State to embarrassed New York but the remarks of some of the speakers had given him offence, and now he did not feel justified in doing anything in the premises.

HON. S. J. TILDEN, notwithstanding his objection to condone anything, and although he had been accused of not paying his income tax, had no objection to give a few barrels of money to New York City.

It had done its duty by him, and he would do his duty by it. It was perfectly true that he had received one hundred and eight-five electoral votes, and that he was the legally elected President of the United States. Some gentlemen might think that this subject had nothing to do with freeing New York city from debt. He begged to differ from those gentlemen. The late Presidential election must enter into every question—whether it was a question of pitch and toss or manslaughter. In conclusion, it afforded him intense pleasure to hand over to his friend Mr. Tweed an order for ten large barrels of money, stored in the editorial rooms of the *Express*.

MR. OWEN MURPHY really felt too indignant to speak on the subject now before this influential meeting. No man had been better abused than he. It was perfectly true that he had walked off with fifty thousand dollars of money that didn't belong to him—but what of that? Nobody knew to whom it belonged—consequently he (Murphy) had as much right to it as anybody else. However, as New York had not treated him badly, he begged to hand to Mr. Tweed the sum of fifty cents towards the fund.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, although a resident of Brooklyn naturally felt a deep interest in the City of New York. So great was his solicitude for its morals, that he had even objected to its citizens being corrupted by a new trial of a Scandal Case in which his name had been freely used. The Copyright of his Life of Christ had been recently sold for a thousand dollars. He purposed urging the purchasers to issue a new edition, and if they were willing to present him with a third of the profits, he would gladly give half of this amount to the New York City Treasury.

Other large contributions having been made, ex-Hon. Wm. M. Tweed expressed himself as perfectly satisfied with the result, and announced that another meeting to raise the balance of the amount would shortly be held.

The assemblage then dispersed.

"A POLITE man," said the Duke de Morny, "is one who listens with interest to things he knows all about when they are told him by a person who knows nothing about them." Now, de Morny, we have heard you through, and tried to look as if we liked it. May we go up head?

MR. AND MRS. MURPHY.

MRS. MURPHY has faith in mankind in general, and in her darling truant husband in particular. She thinks it was only a temporary attack of insanity that induced him to wander away with fifty thousand dollars of public money. Possibly a permanent attack of the same trouble might induce him to wander back again. She pointed feelingly to a beautiful Christmas-tree, and expressed a hope that Mr. Murphy would return to distribute the gifts with which it was hung. Why wasn't Mr. Murphy temporarily insane enough to hang that tree with some of that fifty thousand dollars, and let Mrs. Murphy distribute it to the parties to whom the money belongs? The method in his present madness is simply startling.

Puckerings.

CASHMERE underclothing of the masculine variety is the latest. But we appeal to our brothers to let this thing stop right here. If we go on like this, and get to camel's hair chest-protectors and satin porous plasters, how are we going to keep the inside track on our wives on the question of economy in dress?

THE Mayor finds that the jaunty Police Commissioners are not to be got rid of so easily. Is there anybody in the Heavens above, the earth beneath or the waters under the earth, who understands the principle on which our City Government is carried on? If there is, he can make a fortune by explaining it to the citizens.

YOUR wife will never finish the artistic decoration of those red clay jars, and you might as well break them up and put them on the back fence. They cost ten dollars a dozen, and if you want to get your money's worth, you ought to feel a certain placid contentment and calm satisfaction in the knowledge that you are taking it out of the felines.

SWINBURNE has been writing a monograph on Charlotte Brontë, and he says that genius "should be anywhere and always recognizable at a glance, whether dynamic or merely static, of a skillful or unskillful eye to discern the systole from the diastole of human companionship." We are glad to know this. It will enable us hereafter to feel sure that we are not making any mistake when we ask genius to take a beer.

WELSH has bought and shipped to Philadelphia a diorama of Pompeii, with working figures of ancient Pompeians kissing and otherwise disporting themselves. This is true, and—well, we acknowledge, that it is very difficult to say what a man of that sort is going to do next, but we prophesy that when History sits down to review the nineteenth century, she will have more circus when she comes to tackle the ministerial record of John Welsh than she will find in the combined performances of George Francis Train and Sergeant Bates.

If the officers of Cincinnati banks are neither better nor worse than officers of banks in other cities, they, at any rate, challenge our admiration by the startling novelty of their proceedings. A teller and book-keeper used to vary the tedium of telling and book-keeping by gambling with the depositors' money. They felt quite relieved when the bank had to suspend in consequence. What's the use of a bank, anyhow?

WANTED—A HOLOCAUST.

(Boucicaulted from the N. Y. Times.)

THE recent alarming increase in the gross amount of small boy in this country has been noted by many close observers. And now the time has come when we can no longer shut our eyes to the fact that never before has the article been so superfluously abundant in our beloved land.

The fact is, that during the last few years the conditions have been extremely favorable to the rapid increase of small boys. The country has been suffering from financial difficulties, and small boys are the invariable result of such difficulties. It was long ago noticed by that careful observer of natural laws, Sir Isaac Newton, that in clerical families the number of small boys varies inversely as the square of his father's salary. A bishop with a salary of ten thousand pounds usually contents himself with one or two boys, while the rector whose living is worth only a hundred pounds is certain to be the father of from ten to twelve. The same rule applies to dissenting ministers, and holds good in this country as well as in England. Although Sir Isaac does not mention it, he was doubtless well aware that in all families, whether lay or clerical, poverty is the mother of children. The small boy grows rank and abundant in the tenement-house, and whenever the workman strikes and thereby cuts off his wages, an epidemic of twins breaks forth. Thus we see that the financial difficulties of our country have had their natural result in giving an enormous impulse to the small boy crop, and we have here the first reason for the abnormal abundance of small boys which forced itself upon public attention last Tuesday.

In accordance with the judicious provisions of nature, the excess of one generation is corrected by the next. The unusual abundance of small boy due to a period of monetary stringency is speedily diminished by a variety of subsequent phenomena. A hard winter, with frequent opportunities for skating, always follows a year of dullness in the labor market; and the small boys that spring up during the latter period are swallowed up by scores of skating ponds. During the following summer, steam-boilers that have not been repaired—owing to the hard times—explode, and railway trains fall through rotten bridges to an extent which rapidly restores the normal balance of population. The superfluous small boys, moreover, thin their own numbers by judicious juvenile diseases, with more than customary rapidity, and inoculate themselves with the fatal green apple with an unwearied determination, which is directly due to the increased difficulty of obtaining that deadly weapon which results from the increased demand for it. Thus it happens that we have never yet suffered from a prolonged excess of small boys, and that in no instance has the excess hitherto reached dangerous dimensions.

It would be useless to conceal that at present the prospect is far from reassuring. The existence of an unprecedented plethora of small boys is undeniable, and the conditions which produced this excess have not been followed by any efforts on the part of nature to restore the balance. Last year apples ripened so early that the season for stealing green ones was almost wholly neglected, while accidents of all kinds were rare, and for the most part unfruitful. During the present winter we have had absolutely no skating, and many a philanthropist, who early in the fall presented skates to the most obnoxious of the small boys in his immediate neighborhood, has been bitterly disappointed. When the green apples failed and the steam boilers refused to burst, sanguine

people cheerfully fixed their hopes upon the skating season, but the prospect now is that of the skating ponds which are yawning for unwary small boys, not one will be filled this winter.

If this should prove to be the case, a state of things far worse than that predicted by Mr. Matthews will eventually come to pass. The small boys will swarm as the Mosaic frogs once swarmed in Egypt in the barbarous days when the edible properties of their hind legs had not yet been recognized. We shall have not merely our quivers, but our streets, houses, and front and back yards full of boys. There will not be a nook or corner into which they will fail to penetrate. The police will be powerless to cope with them, and they will mock and make merry when exasperated fathers sing, "Come into the woodshed, John." Already the plumbers, with an unfailing instinct of evil, are manufacturing tin horns by thousands, and the market is becoming flooded with drums. Of the horrors of the day when every house shall contain an average of eight small boys, no language is able to convey the faintest idea.

We must rouse our energies and face this imminent danger at once. There is but one thing which can help us, if the skating-ponds fail to fulfill their mission. We must rely solely upon Sunday-school festivals. There is nothing which so diminishes an excess of small boys as a series of evening festivals baited with ice-cream, candy, and nuts. The combination of late hours, indigestible food, and tedious addresses is unquestionably the most efficacious remedy for an excess of small boys that has ever been devised. Our regular Sunday-school festivals have done in this direction an unknown amount of good in a quiet way, but we need at least twice as many festivals as we have ever yet had, in order to meet the present crisis. If the small boys of any given community were to be henceforth assembled once a week in a damp lecture-room and entreated to lay their stomachs on the Sunday-school altar as a sacrifice in behalf of the heathen, we should avert the threatening danger long before spring. It would not even be necessary to go to the extreme length of giving the doomed small boys evening sleigh-rides, with incidental wet or frozen feet. Ice-cream, candy, and late hours are all that we need provide. The kind-hearted physicians and pious undertakers who invented Sunday-school festivals may have had an eye to their professional interests, but they deserve our thanks for having provided us with the sole weapon with which to repel the danger that is now at our very doors.

As soon as a San Francisco Chinaman gets six hundred dollars in his pocket he incontinently starts for home to live like an American millionaire. He invests fifty dollars of his fortune in a one-story house with bay windows and all the modern improvements, convenient to beer saloons and opium shops, and within five minutes' walk of four railroad depots, dines on the fattest rats the market affords, and receives seventeen letters per day asking for a contribution of two or three cents to buy this or that poor old woman a cook-stove, or an eight-day clock, or some other household necessity.—*Norristown Herald*.

MARK TWAIN, in his January *Atlantic* article, pronounces an india rubber tree which he saw in Bermuda, a fraudulent arrangement, because its branches bore neither shoes, suspenders, nor any other India rubber fruit of that description. He also saw a mahogany tree which he doesn't call a fraud, therefore we infer that its branches were loaded down with pianos, bureaus, cabinets, centre tables, and other mahogany fruit of a useful kind.—*Norr. Herald*.

Two Knaves and a Queen.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

By FRANK BARRETT.

(This Story was begun in No. 4. Back Numbers can be obtained at the office of PUCK, 13 North William st.)

(CONTINUED.)

DE Gaillefontaine turned about quickly, descended the terrace-steps, and led the way to the back of the theatre, which was concealed by a shrubbery. He looked into the theatre with an evil eye as he passed the chief entrance, which was wide open to admit the fresh morning breeze, and seemed already to catch his name mingled with the laughter. Arrived at a door in the wall of the theatre, he paused and took a bunch of keys from his pocket. His wound made him powerless to use his right hand, so he put the keys into Mr. Fox's hands, pointing out the key to make use of. No one could be more considerate and obliging than Mr. Fox: he opened the door, closed it when they were inside, and put the key in the lock for use when they returned.

M. de Gaillefontaine bowed his acknowledgment.

In planning the theatre, M. de Gaillefontaine, with a view to spectacular effect, had given extreme depth to the stage; but in rehearsing the opera this depth was considered an acoustic disadvantage, and a considerable space was parted off by means of a strong wooden partition. It was the end of the stage thus divided in which the three men now stood.

There was a small skylight in the roof, but the light transmitted was sufficient to reveal only the outline of the larger benches, steps, etc., with which the place was encumbered.

"We must have a light," said M. de Gaillefontaine.

The Irishman had matches loose in his pocket, and he proceeded to strike one on the bowl of his clay pipe. Meanwhile Mr. Fox, standing close by the door in partial obscurity, was cogitating. His inquisitive disposition had led him, in the course of the hour previous to the appointed meeting, into the stable-yard, and his conversational powers he had employed to such advantage that he learnt de Gaillefontaine's intention to leave Riverford at a moment's notice. Why he should leave hastily and secretly, Fox could not understand; but he was prepared to regard every action of the Gascon's as treacherous and inimical to his interests. He reflected how easy it would be for de Gaillefontaine, who knew every turn of this building, to give him and his protector the slip, and leave them to find their way through the devious windings, while he was flying from Riverford in safe secrecy. Mr. Fox stealthily closed his soft long fingers round the keys, and withdrew them from the door, while his friend was lighting the match. He had no knowledge of the good his action was doing; but in all doubtful courses he followed that which at least could do no harm.

De Gaillefontaine took the match and lit the gas. Mr. Fox looked about him. There were no passages; the place seemingly was merely a large lofty workshop. The carpenters and scene-painters had used it. The floor was covered thickly with shavings and a litter of light slips of wood, such as are used to form the framework of flats and wings; and against the wooden partition was stacked the scenery used in the performance, and removed hither through a lofty narrow door made for the purpose. In one corner of this compartment was a little room of light woodwork, made for the use of the gentlemen engaged in painting the scenes. It was carpeted and furnished with

several easy chairs, a table, desk, books, a spirit-case, and other comforts. To this little chamber M. de Gaillefontaine led the way, and holding the door, ushered in his guests.

"Be seated," he said; "I will be with you immediately."

He closed the door quickly, and, as Mr. Fox had expected, the key was turned upon them.

"He's a-goin' to give us the go-by," said the Irishman, *alias* "John Smith." It's true what we heerd in the stable-yard, and he's locked us in here whilst he cuts. Shall I bust the door?"

"We will wait two minutes," said Mr. Fox. "I took the precaution to bring the keys out of the other door."

"You are a deep un, master."

Mr. Fox felt flattered, and smilingly waited for a minute. Suddenly these two became aware of a difference in the appearance of each other: the same instant their eyes turned upwards. The wall of this chamber extended up only some eight or ten feet. The glow upon them was reflected from the roof of the theatre far over their heads. It was no more than a moment since de Gaillefontaine left them, yet this had happened; and now smoke, hot and pungent, blew over the thin wall and down upon them.

"Fire!" the two men screamed. Simultaneously there came a rattling of the door, as de Gaillefontaine, terror-stricken, fumbled at the key. Fox's burly protector waited for no locks, but threw his ponderous shoulder against the thin door, bursting the lock away and throwing de Gaillefontaine to the ground at the same moment.

"The keys, the keys!—help me!—carry me!—save me, for God's sake!" cried de Gaillefontaine frantically.

There was no time for explanation; indeed it seemed that the time was past when action could be of use. Between them and the door, yielded by the carpet of shavings upon which they stood, was a sheet of fire. Quick as a sweeping wind the flame ran along, eating as it went, expanding like vapor. It was close upon de Gaillefontaine as he scrambled to his feet. No time for consideration. Fox, holding his breath and shielding his face with his arms, rushed to the wall, and along it towards the door. The fire licked eagerly at the air that came through the crevice between the door and the step; yet surely one might rush through that, might bear a scorching whilst opening the door that led into that clear, cold, delicious air of safety without! No time to think: yet nearer came the flame, and there was no air to breathe. Away he rushed, over flames that threw sparks up into his face as he trod among them, forcing him to close his eyes at the time when all depended on his seeing. Still onward he pushed, stumbling, rising, seeing nothing, feeling nothing but a numbing as of intense cold, the piercing of sharp wounds.

De Gaillefontaine, like a scared wolf, rushed where he saw another run; and presently, as they groped in the blinding sparks, he fell into Fox's arms, and screamed entreatingly for deliverance. As he drew breath to cry, stinging embers flew into his mouth. Not three minutes before he had stood in this very spot, putting a light to the shavings at his feet. He clung to Fox as he, with more command over himself and stronger vitality, rushed hither and thither feeling for the door, which was not to be found. Comparative trifles at that moment were awful in their significance. The edge of his shirt-cuff was no longer straight, but ragged; and moving his hand instinctively to thrust his fingers through his hair, he found his head singed bald. After that his fingers conveyed no idea of form or condition to his senses. The keys dropped from Fox's useless fingers, yet still he groped along the wall, guided by the resistance

to the weight of his body when the sense of touch was lost to his arms. De Gaillefontaine fell to shrieking. He had been brought to a stand by a carpenter's bench. He could not see it, for sight was gone. Standing there, the burning wood under his feet yielded to his weight. To him it seemed that his legs were crumbling under him, and with a yell he threw himself face downward, shrieking his last amidst the white embers. But Fox, with silent perseverance, now almost mechanical, for his senses were wandering, sought escape.

In the scenes leaning against the partition was a great irregular circle, eaten away already by the flames. The margin blazed with the touch of the monster's teeth, and the planking of the partition beneath was marked by patches of fiery saliva. The heat was cracking the glass in the skylight, and the flames roared with delight and leapt up as the vital air came in.

"John Smith" saw Mr. Fox enter the fire, saw de Gaillefontaine rush after him, and waited to see the effect before he followed, sweeping the shavings from about him in a circle, and bending low the while. The Gascon's awful screams warned him that attempt to escape by the door was fatal.

A part of the partition was yet untouched by fire, and against this he threw himself with all his strength. The shock tumbled the burning embers from the scenery and shook sparks out of the boarding, but there was no cracking in the boards his shoulder hit. A stout piece of quartering backed the other side. He changed his position for the next throw, and besides shaking down more flaming rag, split a board. Breathing was difficult; but "John Smith" was a man of endurance, and his force was no wise lessened when again he threw himself against the boards. Another split followed that blow.

"Gord, how that poor brute do scream!" he thought as he banged at the walls. This time a piece of board, three feet long, flew from the quarterings to which it was nailed; but at the same moment a wing, the base of which was gnawed away, crumbled, and, sliding sideways towards him, fell, a wreck of smouldering canvas and wood, where he had been standing, throwing up a cloud of spark-laden smoke. John Smith was blinded with the stinging smoke, and a giddiness came upon him as he tried to breathe. Once again and yet more furiously he plunged at the division, cracked another board well-nigh through just under the hole already made, wrenched it with fury from its place, and got his head and shoulders through, tearing away clothes and skin, but getting air, which was all he wanted at the moment. He wriggled his body through and came down on his head and hands, murmuring his thanks to Heaven, and vowing within his heart never again to steal the midnight hare.

Not five minutes had sped since de Gaillefontaine found the key gone from the door, and the fire he had kindled beyond his power to stamp out, when John Smith came tumbling out of the awful hell-trap into life and liberty. For to him there was safety where he now stood, and he had no sense of the terror felt by those who, a minute before, were struggling to escape at the theatre door. Smoke and flame licked out of the hole through which he had come, as if in greedy pursuit of the escaped prisoner. Choking blinding smoke filled the place, obscuring even the gaslights.

The boards of the partition spluttered and cracked as the fire gnawed them, and when they writhed from their place a fiery tongue shot out a dozen yards and clung to all it touched. Flaming boards fell upon the scorched stage, farther and farther the fiery tongues protruded, licking the proscenium, the light balcony, the roof, advancing onward as rapidly

as the words leave the pen, as quickly as John Smith, crawling, scrambling, running, tumbling, then crawling and scrambling again, made his way into the open air.

Those who had escaped and were collected upon the lawn watching the progress of destruction were astonished when John Smith, staggering in his gait, rushed towards them with arms raised, and gasping the fresh air.

Soon after the smoke was perceived the screams of de Gaillefontaine were heard; but each one of those who heard the cries for help was too deeply interested in his own safety to regard the danger of another, and soon his shrieks were lost in those of the crowd fighting their way from peril. These first cries of alarm were now remembered, and men and women ran towards the poor wretch, who, now that there was no longer real danger nor necessity for exertion, appeared in the last extremity of fear and exhaustion. He fell upon the grass, and, as he gained strength to speak, cried:

"Quick—go round to the back door, for God's sake! Two men are burning alive!"

There was a rush to the door. A blow of the heel drove in the charred and crumbling wood-work, and out belched the flames, driving the assailants back for their lives; but there came no sound save the roaring of fire, the fall of timber, the cracking and splitting of the slated roof. De Gaillefontaine and Fox had ceased to cry, and suffered no more.

[To be concluded.]



Puck's Brithanges.

THERE is no law against opening a postal-card.—*Camden Post*.

JONAH was perhaps the worst taken in man that ever lived.—*Worcester Press*.

YOUNG man, if you want to cutter fellow out, sleigh the girl.—*Whitehall Times*.

SANTA CLAUS's chimney motto:—"What suits you soots me."—*Phila. Bulletin*.

IT will be a lively wrestle in Texas—probably in the Greaser-Roaming style.—*St. Louis Journal*.

OSMAN PASHA's foot has been amputated. The result of fighting for effete monarchy.—*Rockland Courier*.

A KNIGHT of the Bath—Saturday night.—*Puck*. A Christian Dey—Sun-day.—*Norristown Herald*.

A PINT of peanuts will keep George Francis Train a week. That's why this country is down on peanuts.—*Rochester Democrat*.

WHY is the first chicken in the brood like the foremast of a ship? Because it comes just before the main hatch.—*Stray Squib*.

MRS. PARTINGTON says that she does so enjoy sitting in the Pizarro of the Rink watching the play of the Rollas.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

BERTHA VON HILLERN has done so many miles this season that she has produced a tremendously mild winter.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

WHITTIER composes while he whittles sticks. Strange coincidence.—*P. I. Man*. Not so strange, when you consider that the dear old man writes for his whittles.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

LET the whirligig of time spin and spin until it creates a hot box, and it cannot bring the hair-trunk into fashion again.—*Ou City Derrick*.

"THE horse-shoe done in flowers seems to be supplanting the time-honored floral bell at weddings.—*Ex.* But it has a shoddy look.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

DU CHAILLU says that on the equator he saw the thermometer 159 in the shade. That's the *Ne Plus Sultry* of warm weather.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

THE terrible duel between Conkling and Gordon will go down in history as a companion to that crimson affair of Bennett and May.—*Norr. Herald.*

MR. BOWLES threatens to go back on his ante-mortem eulogists, by getting out of bed again. It will be a pleasant sort of obituarising.—*Phil. Bulletin.*

THE study of ceramics is a modern intellectual struggle to find out what sort of pictures ancient Egyptians had on their shaving-mugs.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A WHITEHALL youngster says he hasn't much reverence for royal persons, for ever since his his dad whaled him, he has to sit on the prints of whales.—*Whitehall Times.*

DAY before yesterday a man in New York died so suddenly that the body was almost cold before the distracted and grief-stricken relatives found the will.—*Hawkeye.*

A GERMAN author has written a work called "Kisses and Kissing." He should have had an assistant. Two heads are better than one at such work.—*Norristown Williams.*

JONATHAN and David were pretty thick, but beside Blaine and Conkling, now that the hatchet is buried, Jonathan and David are mere cats and dogs.—*Chicago Times.*

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES is probably the loneliest man this country ever saw.—*Rochester Democrat.* That's what comes of trying to be an honest Republican.—*Worcester Press.*

THE young map now counteth his dimes and resolveth to remain single another year, while the over-confident maiden sigheth and keepeth late hours in the meantime.—*Rhinebeck Gazette.*

YOU can't always tell where the compensations of nature do come in. Here diphtheria is withering the rose-buds; over in Hohokus, Jersey, the epidemic is twins.—*Wilkesbarre Record.*

WE predict next summer.—*Graphic.* O, you do, eh? We predicted last summer—but our prediction was not fulfilled. We forget, too, what it was we predicted.—*Norristown Herald.*

IF Senator David Davis's parents had known what he was going to weigh, they wouldn't have been so stingy about piecing up a front name for him out of the family title.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

WILKIE COLLINS's last story is called "My Lady's Money." In this country it would have been, "Mother-in-law Has Got the Stamps," or "The Old Woman is Well-Heeled."—*Breakfast Table.*

A CORRESPONDENT writes to inquire why a cat always begins devouring mice at the head? It is probably so that the animal may reserve the tail to the last to pick its teeth with.—*Whitehall Times.*

"FIVE dollar men's overcoats!" shouts a down-town tailor store. We didn't know that a five-dollar man could afford an overcoat unless some ten-dollar man gave it to him.—*Easton Free Press.*

DON'T give your girl a watch. Because the old folks will make her wear it, and inquire with great carefulness what time you went home Sunday night.—*Personal Experience of Rockland Paragrapher.*

A HOHOKUS man who has become the father of twins says that he wishes to preserve the double standard.—*N. Y. Herald.* It isn't likely that anybody will want to take them at their par value.—*Worcester Press.*

WHEN a boy, a snow-shovel, and a drifted side-walk come together, the bright lexicon of youth contains the word "Fail" printed on the title-page in letters big enough for a minstrel-show poster.—*Rome Sentinel.*

YOUNG man, go West. Go to Nevada, where, when you take a girl to spelling-school, you have to ride twenty-five miles, and she expects you to keep your arm around her all the way.—*Unknown Sentimentalist.*

THE other morning a Burlington saloon-keeper fell down-stairs with a terrible crash. And a disciple of Professor Tice looked at the groaning man and said calmly, "The back of the vintner is broken."—*Hawkeye.*

NOTHING so grieves the heart of the Sunday school Arab as to learn that the Christmas festivals of the three schools he has managed to hold a membership in for the past few weeks occur on the same night.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

WHEN Gen. Butler sets his hat in the aisle in Congress members never kick it, no matter how strong the temptation to do so may be. They either go around, jump over, or creep under it. His hat is full of bricks, you know.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE Government has paid Dr. Mary Walker \$900 for services not rendered as clerk in the Treasury Department. The doctor says the three p's—pluck, perseverance and pantaloons—are bound to win every time.—*Norristown Herald.*

A MILBURN woman was so astonished the other day when her husband brought her home a thirty-dollar bonnet, that it was an hour before she could open her mouth, because she couldn't remember the combination.—*Herald P. I. Man in a Spasm.*

"THE Japanese have no cuss words in their language." After seventeen futile attempts to get the joints of a stove-pipe to fit, the indignant Jap goes out and bumps his head against a post, kicks a hairless dog twenty-seven times around the yard, and then—feels better.—*Norr. Herald.*

ST LOUIS is to have a ten-foot high statue of Shakspeare. The city fathers merely asked the sculptor if the deceased Shakspeare was a Chicago man, and when he said "no," they replied, "All right, sculp. the old stat."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A CONTEMPORARY advises: "Never call a man a fool." This is pretty good advice. It is much safer to conceal yourself behind a tree-box, and hit the man a heavy rap on the head with a base-ball bat as he goes by.—*Norristown Herald.*

WHEN M. Thiers was a young man he wrote a complete work on spherical trigonometry. How many young men are there in Danbury who have written a complete work on spherical trigonometry? We venture not twenty. For shame!—*Danbury News.*

HERE is another warning. Frank Hanly, a policeman of New York, has "mysteriously disappeared." So they say, but there doesn't seem to be much mystery about it. On the day of his disappearance his wife gave birth to twins.—*Norristown Herald.*

"NEWARK LADY"—We cannot write you a funny motto for your church fair department. But we can give you some advice. Put your pen-wipers, wax dolls, dressing-gowns and pin-cushions into the oyster stew kettle, and make your food rich.—*N. Y. Herald.*

THE New York *Tribune* thinks that the President "cannot afford to be supported by Democrats." It looks more and more as though the Democrats would be compelled to sustain him in that line of economy.—*Worcester Press.*

THERE were only seventy cats at Philadelphia's recent cat-show. The other 7,000,547 were sitting on back-fences and sheds o' nights growling at the small amount of the premiums offered, and discussing methods to avert the dangers threatened by the lively sausage season.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE lawyer, perceiving that his eloquence had put the court to sleep, stops speaking, and the silence naturally awakens the judges. He continues his argument, saying: "And now let me return to the point that I endeavored to make clear to your honors yesterday." The judges stare at each other and are perfectly convinced that they have lost a whole night of his speech.—*Stray Squib.*

EVERY home is as full of mystery now as market mince-meat, but on Christmas morning, when the head of the family finds a pair of slippers two sizes too small for him, wedged into his shoes, and a blue-nosed dog modeled into a pen-wiper tumbles out of his hat, he will understand then that the significant looks between his wife and daughter all this while only indicated that they were skirmishing around to promote his happiness.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

WIVES of great men all remind us
We can make our wives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Widows worthy of our time.

Therefore give your wife a send-off
By the life-insurance plan;
Fix her so that when you end off
She can scoop another man.

—*Washington Chronicle.*

There was a proud statesman named Conkling,
With a hatred to which he did long cling.

He hated bold Blaine
From the state known as Maine;
But they're solid once more— Blaine and Conkling.

—*Who says the Worcester Press can't find a rhyme to Conkling?*

THE December number of the *Casket*, a journal for undertakers, is well filled with cheerful reading about cremation, latest new thing in hearses, tombstones, and so forth. Young man, if you are looking for a suitable Christmas present for your rich but feeble uncle in the country, perhaps you can't do better than to cheer his declining years with a year's subscription to the *Casket*.—*Norr. Herald.*

IT seems to be the ambition of all young wives to look well when any one calls. Yesterday a South Side bride heard a ring at the front door. The maid was out and she rushed up stairs to "fix up" a little before admitting the caller. There was a moment of lightning work before the dressing case. Quicker than it takes us to tell it, a ribbon was fastened at her throat, a flower stabbed into her hair, a flash of powder on her face, and she was at the door, all smiles and blushes. The gentleman said he had walked from Memphis and couldn't remember that he had tasted food since he left Cincinnati.—*Oil City Derrick.*

YOU'VE noticed, boys, that the paper that can't command a paragraph of its own steals all its squibs from the papers that support the indispensable adjuncts of nineteenth-century journalism, and then handsomely devotes its narrow mind and doubtful wit to sarcastic allusions to the sources from whence it obtains the most interesting matter that appears in its columns.—*Rockland Courier.*

A TRAMP was arrested, taken before a magistrate, and sentenced for three months. The justice, in explaining the sentence, remarked that while there was no evidence that the prisoner had been guilty of any crime, he thought it prudent to commit him, as he had the wild, haggard look of a man about to start a newspaper.—*Stray Squib*.

"WHITHER are we drifting?" A Philadelphia journalist has been arrested on the charge of embezzlement. If the man is proved guilty, we hope an example will be made of him. The journalistic profession must not be brought down to the level of that of a bank president or member of Congress.—*Norr. Herald*.

"YOURS is a very perilous life," remarked a lady passenger to the conductor, "doesn't it require a great deal of courage on your part?" "Oh yes, ma'am," replied the conductor, as he gently but firmly charged her ten cents extra for neglecting to get a ticket. "Yes, ma'am; none but the brave deserve the fare." And as he passed on she blushed, and wondered if he meant that piece of impudence for a compliment.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

WE have a call-bell in our private office. It is used to call one of our boys with. At least that is the popular legend connected with the article. When we want one of the boys we ring the bell, and then go out in the back office and hunt him up and tell him of the fact. It always pleases him to learn that we have been ringing.—*Rockland Courier*.

"I CALL you darling," she said, as she leaned her head on his coat-collar.

"Show your hand," he returned, mechanically.

The young miss, not understanding his answer, continued to poke her head against his chin, and he hove a high of relief at her unconsciousness of his mistake.—*Professional Paragaph from Rockland Courier*.

PEOPLE who open car-windows never go to heaven. They are essentially "dummed." By the man who sits behind them.—*Hawkeye*.

AN exchange takes half a column to tell "What we drink;" whereas some folks have simply to wink at the barkeeper.—*Worcester Press*.

A HEN, nosing, or rather, billing around, one morning, for something to wet her whistle with, found some wine in a broken bottle and sipped it; and immediately she started off on a waltz, crying, "Cut-cut-cut-cut, Cut-aw-ba!"—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

WHEN you meet a school-girl with a far-away look in her eyes, and nervously-moving lips, she is not thinking of her beau, but wrestling with a conundrum in mental arithmetic.—*Easton Free Press*.

FOR many years we have heard a carpenter described as a wood butcher; but here is an advertisement asking for a plane cook.—*N. Y. Herald*.

WHY didn't he eat up the whole desk? We refer to the anaconda who swallowed a pigeon-whole.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

In Memoriam Brigham Young.

To supply the demand for the above-named illustration, depicting the "Mormon's Empty Pillow," and owing to the fact that the edition of "PUCK" containing it has been entirely exhausted, the cartoon has been published as a single sheet, and can be obtained from any newsdealer in the country.

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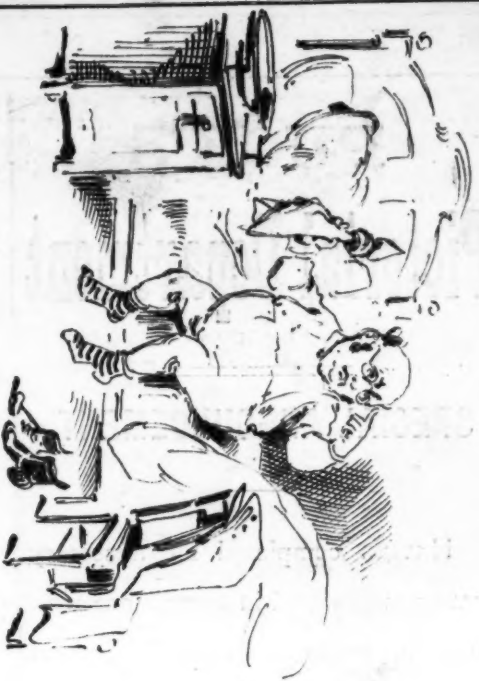
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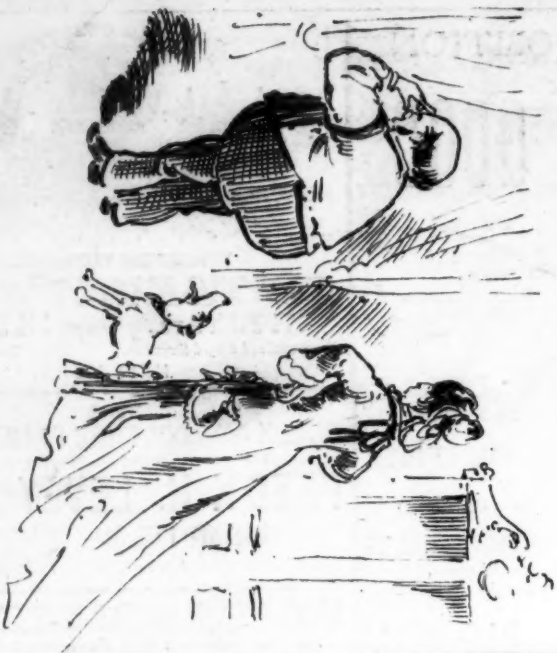
1. "Now, what in thunder did I tie that knot for?"



2. "Jumpin' jiminy! what *could* I have done it for?"



3. "I am sure it was to remind me of some-thing."



4. "Wife, come help me think. Don't stand there as if you didn't care—what did I want to tie that confounded knot for?"



5. "At last!"



6. And he remembered to renew his subscription.